I'll be home for Christmas

As I listened to the music
Play the sweet refrain
"I'll be Home For Christmas"
My heart cried out in pain:
"No, you won't, you won't be here!"
Your void is everywhere.
A present unbought, a stocking unfilled.
A table, an empty chair...
Friends arrive, the family gathers.
Festive laughter fills the air.
I search the sea of faces
Knowing yours will not be there.
Then in my pain, my dream did fade.
The truth stood out so clear:
We are the visitors here on earth.
And you are home this year!
Home with Jesus, Mom and Gram.
And we are left behind.
So know that I'll be home for Christmas.
If only in my mind.

Lynda Shelhamer